



OEMS.

By Blanche Elmore.

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POEMS

BY

BLANCHE ELMORE

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BORN BLIND.

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THE SLUMBER SONG.

Tis eventide; the dewy mists
Hang o'er the distant hill,
The tiny stars come out to keep
Watch o'er you, darling, while you sleep,
And all around is still.

The golden grain waves to and fro,
Fanned by the gentle breeze,
While overhead the nightingale
Pours forth its sweet though mournful wail
Among the forest trees.

The jasmine taps against the pane,
The dewdrops glisten bright
Within the heart of every flower,
In this serene and quiet hour
That heralds in the night.

Then sleep, my child, and have no fear,
Sleep till the dawn of day,
For holy angels guard thy head,
Their wings of light are o'er thee spread
To keep all harm away.

Dream of the land of peace and hope,
Above the bright blue skies,
Where dwells the God of light and love
Who sent thee from the heaven above
To glad thy mother's eyes.

DREAMINGS.

Life is worth living, if only to find
The wondrous workings of the human mind,
How each year adds more knowledge to our store,
E'en from our birth, till memory is no more.

Yet, toil and strive and struggle as we may,
Till eyes are dim, and tresses growing grey,
We still may learn new lessons as we go,
The more we seek, the less we seem to know.

The child who brings, with triumph in his eyes,
From school his first and well deserved prize;
To youth who studies through the long drear night,
Till the bright-dawn makes dim his feeble light.

The scholar who may proudly take his stand
Among the great and learned of the land;
All these will find, as on their way they go,
How much there is that man may never know.

If man could will to live from age to age,
And each year saw him grow more good and sage.
Dissatisfied with all he still would be,
And seek to solve some deeper mystery.

Be happy, then, and seek not learned lore,
A lesson take from those who have gone before,
Wear not your life in useless toil away,
For life at best is but a day.

REFLECTIONS.

On the blue Canadian waters,
 'Neath the blue Canadian sky,
When the silent moon is shedding
 Silvery radiance from on high;
Where my fancy loves to linger,
 While I let my barklet glide
Down the swiftly flowing river,
 On the bosom of the tide.

And the scene spread out before me
 In its desolation grand,
Rocks, whose crests the clouds have hidden,
 Native giants of the land;
Trees, whose branches kiss the waters,
 Islands dotted here and there;
As I thread the winding river
 Beauties new are everywhere.

And as if to lend completeness
 To the moonlit picture bright,
Here a tiny house and clearing
 Unexpected comes in sight,
And I catch the cheery glimmer
 Of the firelight, through the door,
But my bark goes gliding onward,
 Some new beauty to explore.

But it needs a perfect poet,
 One whom beauty can inspire
With that kind of holy rapture
 Mortals seldom can acquire,
To portray in glowing colors
 Half the beauties of the night;
Can that sweet Canadian river,
 When the moon is shining bright.

MORN.

I love to stand on a grass clad hill,
And watch for the break of day,
To see the mists as they rise and fall,
And gradually fade away.

I love to see the rosy light
That heralds the rising sun,
And to hear the skylark's morning hymn,
As he sing of a day begun.

I love to see the gentle sheep,
To hear their plaintive bleat,
To smell the scent of the new mown hay,
And the honeysuckle sweet.

The morning dew hath a charm for me
As it sparkles on every flower,
Like countless gleaming diamonds,
Just fresh from a fairy bower.

And I love all things in nature,
With a wild and fervent love,
For I know the Hand that made them
Was the Father's from above.

AN HEROIC DEED.

O'er the hushed and sleeping city,
In the silence of the night,
Comes a cry of deepest anguish,
Full of terror and affright.

By a thousand distant echoes,
Caught and carried far and wide,
Till as many eager voices
Swell the cry on every side.

What is it—this cry ascending,
Ah! 'tis needless to enquire
For the Heaven itself seems ringing
With one dread word, Fire! Fire!

E're as yet the words are spoken,
Through the darkness of the night,
In a mighty burst of triumph
Flames leap forth, in mad delight.

Useless are the mighty engines,
All man's great inventions vain,
Naught can save the burning building,
Though they strive with might and main.

But again! that cry of terror,
Louder, deeper than before,
Like to which but few have listened,
Rises on the air once more.

For amid the burning building
Stands a woman, young and fair,
Holding in her arms an infant,
Silent, in her great despair.

AN HEROIC DEED—Continued.

Fast the cruel flames leap onward,
Eager to embrace their prey,
Strong men gaze in stony horror,
Women wring their hands and pray.

“Gracious Father—help and save them,”
Each heart prays in terror wild,
While in agony the mother
Holds aloft the little child.

Surely God has heard their pleading
And will help them in their need,
One is found whose noble spirit
Shrinks not from the daring deed.

One whose courage never falters,
Though he feels the the fiery breath,
And has often paused exhausted
In the noble fight gainst death.

Breathless stand the mighty army,
While the mother's tearless eyes
Full of agonized entreaty
Pray for pity from the skies.

Courage! Courage! help has reached them,
Gracious Heaven, the fight is won,
In the arms held to receive him,
She has placed her little son.

See the fiery tongues advancing,
Now they reach her form so slight,
One dread moment—all is over,
She has passed beyond our sight.

Even as the flames enfold her,
O'er her face a look of joy
Steals, for He, her prayer has answered,
And has saved her infant boy.

IN MEMORIAM.

God sent me a tiny treasure,
A beautiful baby boy.
To all fill my life with pleasure
My heart with a new found joy.
For awhile I held my darling,
And gazed on the little face,
Which learned to smile at my coming
With innocent baby grace.

But God saw how sad this world was,
How full of sorrow and pain,
And he wished to shield my darling
From suffering, sin and stain,
So he called the little spirit
Back to the realms above
To find in his arms a shelter,
Safe in his infinite Love.

But I miss the clinging presence
Of the Babe I hushed to rest,
And 'tis sometimes hard to whisper
That God in his Love knows best.
And I long to clasp my darling
Close to my desolate heart,
And to feel he knows, and loves me,
Though our spirits be apart.

Somewhere, in the Mystic Future,
In the brighter, better land,
I shall see again my darling
Mid the Holy Angel band.
And shall meet the look of greeting,
And affection in his eyes,
As he whispers, "Welcome, Mother!"
In tones of glad surprise.

TO MY MOTHER.

To thou, who from my early infancy
With fondest love hath ever guarded me,
Who taught me first to lisp my evening prayer,
And soothed my every childish grief and care.
My Mother dear, these line I dedicate,
When far away your eyes do contemplate
Through loving tears these words which do but say
One half the things, my spirit would convey.

May the dim Future to thy heart unfold,
Blessings as deep and wide as Ocean old,
Each tender hope, half formed within my breast
Be gratified, ere yet it be expressed.
And may the birth of every dawning year,
Enrich thy full content, my Mother dear,
And Time, neath whose decree we all must bow,
Leave no deep furrows on thy placid brow.

May thy declining years in peace abound
And deeds of kindliness thy life surround,
May we, who know our mother's fond caress,
Repay tenfold that love and tenderness.
If wishes could bring happiness, Ah ! then
Thy life should never know a care again,
For I would place an Angel ever near,
To wipe away each sad regretful tear.

PALACE OF CLOUDS.

In a mystical land, gay with many bright flowers,
Where birds ever sang in the tall shady trees,
Where the sorrows of Earth never dimmed the glad hours,
And Love seemed to laugh on the sweet zephyr breeze.

I, in fancy, erected a Palace, which ever
Arrayed in the strength of its beauty should stand;
But alas for my hopes! with the first stress of weather
I knew its foundation was built on the sand.

All the beautiful dreams which had filled me with pleasure,
Had passed, with my ærial castle, away,
And the land gay with sunshine and every fair treasure
Now slumbered neath skies which were threat'ning and grey.

As I stood mid the ruins of Fancy's creation,
A desolate feeling awoke in my breast,
For the castle I built with such pride and elation
Was only a Palace of clouds at the best.

Why should all of our brightest illusions thus vanish?
And dreams that are fairest so swiftly forsake,
While the pain and regret we can never quite banish
Forever in silence the lone heart will ache.

I've seen all the flowers in my Fairyland perish,
Beneath the cold blast of a chill winter day,
I have watched every tender hope wither and perish,
My beautiful Palace in mist pass away.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves bestrew the pathway,
Overhead the breezes sigh,
And the swallows come together for their flight;
Winter's stern relentless hand,
Soon will rule o'er all the land,
Decking hill and vale in robes of glistening white.

But, as yet, Dame Nature bravely
Holds her own in woodlands wild,
Scattering rich and varied colors everywhere,
T'is, as though in her decay,
Knowing all must pass away,
She, would leave with us a dream of Beauty rare.

For the Golden Rod is blooming
And the Heather crowns the hill,
While the Red Rowan berries bend the branches low,
Though the Rose no longer twines,
Purple Grapes hang from the vines,
And the bright eyed squirrel scampers to and fro.

Still I think the year's declining
Has a pathos all its own,
Which will speak to those who love this dear old earth;
Even as the life of man,
Plants and trees bloom but a span,
Then must perish on the soil which gave them birth.

As the Seasons chase each other,
Each new beauties will reveal,
But to my heart none of them are half so dear.
As the time, when overhead,
Maple leaves are turning red,
And the Autumn sun is shining bright and clear.

MABEL'S VISION.

I dreamed we stood together 'lone,
Upon a drear and lonely shore,
And gazed upon the ocean wide
Far o'er the restless flowing tide,
And listened to the breakers roar.

A heaviness was in the air,
I shuddered, though I knew not why,
When of a sudden overhead
An awful darkness seemed to spread
And hide from me the bright, blue sky.

I reached my hand forth in the gloom,
But all around was empty space;
I called upon thy name in vain,
No answering voice replied again,
And swift the darkness grew apace.

My limbs seemed rooted to the spot,
I tried to move but could not stir,
Some unseen power seemed forcing me
To gaze upon the troubled sea,
'Till all my sight became a blur.

Then from amid the watery waste,
Full suddenly I saw appear
A face so full of calm and rest,
That as it came, borne on the crest,
My heart grew cold with nameless fear.

Ah! then I knew the face was thine,
And strove to stretch a hand to save;
Though almost at my feet you laid,
You would not see my proffered aid,
And you were washed back by the wave.

I woke to find it but a dream,
Yet, still, there flits before my sight,
When'ere I close my wearied eyes,
That face, those dark and dreary skies,
Distinct as on that fearful night.

THE LOVERS.

They were lovers, one could read it
By their low and earnest talk,
As they loitered on together,
Down the cool and shady walk;
And her gentle face was smiling,
As she listened with delight,
To the words so softly spoken,
On that pleasant summer's night.

For they both were young and happy,
And had never known dull care,
And the clouds on their horizon
Promised ever to be fair.
And he talked about the future,
When she should be his bride,
And they'd pass through life together,
Hand in hand and side by side.

There's a maiden who sits weeping,
Weeping by her cottage door,
For her lover who was faithless,
And will come to see her no more;
For another face seemed fairer,
And has charmed his heart for aye,
And his first love sits lamenting,
Left to pine and fade away.

Thus a dream was rudely broken,
Which had seemed so wondrous bright
And the darkness left behind it
Was far blacker than the night;
Yet she still will have its memory,
To cheer her lonely lot,
When the first sting has abated,
The first sorrow is forgot.

THE SOUL'S VICTORY.

Why should my weary soul to-day
Not float upon thy tide away?
And by the world forgot, alone,
Enter through Death the Land Unknown
Where toil and trouble is no more.

Or, I should sink to dreamless sleep,
Borne on thy current swift and deep,
Lulled by thy Music, mild and free,
Whose sweet though mournful melody
Filled me with joy in days of yore.

In thy dark waters would I find
Rest for my tired heart and mind,
None there would be to mourn my place,
If I should yield to thy embrace,
Whose waves seem ever beckoning me.

Then wherefore should I hesitate
To clasp in mine the hand of Fate,
Whose finger points me to the way?
Shall I draw back, and answer—Nay!
I fear to dare Death's mystery.

What is that voice within my breast?
A voice I *dare* not hush to rest—
Conscience, which at this awful sin
I contemplate, awakes within
To fight against the Tempter's power.

THE SOUL'S VICTORY—*Continued.*

Pause and reflect, while yet you may,
When on that mighty judgment day,
You stand before the justice throne
And One to whom all sins are known
Shall claim a reckoning for this hour.

What are a few more griefs and tears?
Life is made up of doubts and fears,
But that the soul may fitter be,
When Death's bright angel sets it free
To enter the realms of Light.

Then shall thy soul by crime be stained?
Or has the right a victory gained?
Trample the tempter's promptings down
Win for thyself in Heaven a crown,
Which shall for earthly griefs requite.

I turned away with head bent low,
To bear the grief my heart must know,
And though my spirit should grow faint,
To lift my Cross without complaint,
Whatever the burden should be.

And oft since then I've blessed the Power
Which gave me strength in that dark hour,
And helping me to win the fight
Rescued my soul from blackest night,
And endless years of misery.

A BROKEN LIFE.

An aged peasant, bent and gray,
 With many a wrinkle on his brow
Bearing the mark of time's decay,
 Deep furrows which his footsteps plough,
Stood leaning on his time worn spade,
 Gazing with eyes which saw afar
High o'er the stilly silent glade,
 Where rose in splendor the evening star.

And thus he mused—while none were near
 But I, who read his inmost heart,
And lend a sympathetic ear
 To hear the tale he should impart:
“ 'Tis nigh on forty year ago,”
 He spake, but in a trembling tone,
“ The land with summer was aglow,
 Arrayed in beauty all her own.

That, to the little cottage, yon,
 There came a sweet and holy bride,
Goodly and fair to look upon,
 While he, the lover at her side
Then full of hope and strength and youth,
 Glad with a great and new found joy,
To whom life seemed one long bright truth,
 A fairy dream without alloy.

A BROKEN LIFE—Continued.

Though two score years have passed away,
And Age has bowed the form you see,
Though every hope has passed away,
That Earth can ever hold for me,
Still, is my memory ever green,
And often do I live again
In picturing many a happy scene,
E're grief upon my heart had lain.

I conjure from the realms above,
That gentle spirit, at my will,
And see again the smile of love
That lingers on that sweet face still.
The climbing rose, that bloomed of yore,
Bends to caress the upturned face,
Which gazes from the open door,
With eyes of purity and grace.

She used to love the eventide,
And watch the first faint star of night
Which God has placed in Heaven to guide
The wanderer to the throne of light.
All things that live in woodland fair,
The flowers, the trees, the singing birds,
Each found a sympathy in her,
In all their Life and World she shared.

A BROKEN LIFE—Continued.

And all the gladsome summer long
Our bark sailed on a placid stream,
Life, was one sweet, unbroken song,
An all absorbing halcyon dream.
But when the early Autumn breeze
Sighed through the woods with mournful wail,
And leaves fell thick from forest trees
I saw my cherished blossom fail.

So gradually she changed, that I
Who lived but in my darling's smile,
Would not believe my flower could die,
So lulled my fears to rest awhile.
He,—the All-Powerful ne'er would take,
She, who was all my life to me,
Causing my weary heart to break,
Or beat through years of misery.

E'en as the lily droops and dies,
The breath of wintry snows before,
I could the truth no more disguise,
And knew that spirit nevermore,
Could be content where mortals dwell
For angel voices, pure and free,
Sang to her heart and she could tell,
All the sweet music meant to me.

A BROKEN LIFE—*Continued.*

And, with the early breath of Spring
When nature wakes from sleep again,
Her spirit heavenward took its wing
And I was left to bear the pain
Of knowing, that for evermore,
Life held no hope, no joy for me
Only to picture days of yore
And live in past felicity.

When summer laughed upon the land,
I stood beneath the porch alone,
And fancied that the little hand,
Was fondly clasped within my own,
Then, I would waken with a sigh
Remembrance bringing deepest woe,
She whom I loved, no more was nigh,
My heart alone, it's grief must know.

I missed her in the twilight hour,
For with the setting of the sun
She came to me, like some sweet flower,
And we would stray, when work was done,
Back through the woodlands to our cot,
Half hid by staunch old ivy green,
To me, on earth the fairest spot,
Though many a stately home I've seen.

wail,

A BROKEN LIFE—Continued.

It gives relief to thus unfold,
My story to a friendly ear,
You see me withered, bent, and old;
Yet shed for me no silent tear.
For soon the Peace which earth denied
Shall calm the beating of my heart,
And she will linger by my side
In realms where Death can never part."

And so I left him, standing there,
The tears were wet upon my cheek,
Before this tragic grand despair.
What word of comfort could I speak?
Knowing I could not understand,
T'would seem the wildest mockery
To take the Peasant by the hand
And tell him of my sympathy.



